

Frauncis new ligge, betweene Frauncis a Gentleman, and Richard a Farmer. To the tune of *Walsingham*.

Bessie.

**A**S I went to Walsingham,  
to the shrine with sped,  
Met I with a jolly Palmer,  
in a Pilgrims weede.  
How God you save you jolly Palmer.  
Fran. Welcome Lady gay,  
Dethaus I sued to thee for loue.  
B. Dethau I said you nay.  
F. My loue is fixed. B. And so is mine,  
but not on you:  
For to my husband whil I live,  
I will ever be true.  
F. Ie give thee gold and rich array.  
B. Whilch I shall buy too deare.  
F. Fought shalt thou want: then say not nay.  
B. Fought would you make mee I feare.  
What though you be a Gentleman,  
and have lands great stoe:  
I will be chaste doe what you can,  
though I live ne're so pore.  
F. Thy beauty rare hath wounded mee,  
and pierst my heart.  
B. Your foolish loue doth trouble mee,  
pray you Sir depart.  
F. Then tel mee sweete wilt thou consent  
vnto my desire:  
B. And if I should, then tel me sir,  
what is it you require:  
F. For to enioy thee as my loue.  
B. Sir you haue a wife:  
Therefore let your sone haue an eare.  
F. First will I loue my life.  
All that I haue thou shalt comand.  
B. Then my loue you haue.  
F. Your meaning I well understand.  
B. Ie will to what you craue.  
F. But tel mee sweet when shall I enioy  
my hearts delight.  
B. I prethee sweete heart be not coy,  
men sone at night.



My husband is rid ten miles from  
money to receive: (home,  
In the euening so you come.  
F. Til then I take my learie. (Exit:  
B. Thus haue I rid my hands full  
of my amorous loue, (well  
And my sweet husband wil I tell,  
how he doth me moue.

Enter Richard Besses husband. To  
the tune of the Iewish dance.

Rich. Hey doun a doun,  
hey doun, a doun a doun,  
There is never a lusty Farmer,  
in all our towne:  
That hath more cause,  
to lead a merry life,  
Then I that am married  
to an honest faithfull wife.  
B. I thankie you gentle husband,  
you praise mee to my face.  
R. I cry thee mercy, Besser,  
I knew thee not in place.  
B. Beleue me gentle husband,  
if you knew as much as I,  
The words that you haue spoken,  
you quickly would deny:  
For since you went from home,  
A sutor I haue had,  
Who is so farre in loue with mee,  
that he is almost madde.  
Hele give me gold and siluer stoe,  
and money so to spend,  
And I haue promis'd him therefore,  
to be his louing friend.

R. Beleue me, gentle wife,  
but this makes mee to frowne,  
There is no gentleman nor knight,  
nor Lord of high renowne:  
That shall enioy thy loue, gyple,  
though he were ne're so god:  
Besore he wronng my Besses so,

He spend on him my blood.  
And therefore tell me who it is  
that doth desire thy loue.

B. Our neighbour master Frauncis,  
that often did me moue.

To him I gaue consent,  
his mind so to fulfill,  
And p̄ce mis'd him this night,  
that he shoulde haue his will:  
Say doe not frowne, good Dickie,  
but heare me speake my minde:  
For thou shalt see He warrant thee,  
He vse him in his kind.  
For vnto thee I will be true,  
so long as I doe live,  
He never change thee for a new,  
nor once my mind so give.

Goe you to mistresse Frauncis,  
and this to her declare:  
And will her with all speed,  
to my house to repaire:

Where shee and he deuise  
some pretty knauish wile:  
For I haue layd the plot,  
her husband to beguile,  
Make hast I pray and tarry not,  
for long he will not stay.  
R. Feare not, he tell her such a tale,  
shall make her come away.

B. Now Bessie bethinke thee,  
what thou hast to doe,  
Thy louer will come presently,  
and hardly will he woo:  
I will teach my Gentleman,  
a tricke that he may know,  
I am too craftie and too wise,  
to be o're-reached so:

But here he comes now: not a word,  
but fall to worke againe. She sows:  
F. How now sweetheart, at worke so hard:  
B. I sir, I must take paines.

F. But say, my louely sweeting,  
thy promise wilt thou keepe:  
Shall I enioy thy loue,  
this night with me to sleepe?

B. My husband rid from home,  
heere safely may you stay.

F. And I haue made my wife beleue,  
I rid another way.

B. Goe in god sir, what ere betide,  
this night and lodge with mee.

F. The happiest night that euer I had,  
thy friend still will I bee.

Enter Mistres Frauncis with Richard. To  
the tune of *Bagle Boe*.

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The Second part of Attowells new Iigge. To the tune of as I went to Walsingham.

W. I thanke you neighbour Richard,  
for bringing me this newes:

R. Nay, thanke my wife that loues me so,  
and will not you abuse.

W. But see whereas shee stands,  
and waiteth our returne.

R. You must goe coole your husbands heate,  
that so in loue doth burne.

B. Now Dickie welcome home,  
and Bistris welcome hither:

Crieue not althoough you finde  
your husband and I together.

For you shall haue your right,  
nor will I wrong you so:

Then change apparrell with me straight,  
and unto him doe goe.

W. For this your kind goodwill,  
a thousand thankes I gine:

And make account I will requite  
this kindnesse, if I live.

B. I hope it shall not need,  
Dick will not serue me so:

I know he loues me not so ill,  
a ranging for to goe.

R. No faith, my louely Bessie,  
first will I lose my life:

Before Ile breake my wedlock bonds,  
or seeke to wrong my wife.

Now thinks good Master Francis,  
he hath thee in his bed:

And makes account he is grafting  
of hornes vpon my head:

But softly stand aside,  
now shall wee know his minde,

And how hee would haue vsed thee,  
if thou hadst beene so kind.

Enter Master Francis with his owne wife,  
hauing a maske before her face, supposing  
her to be Bessie.

To the tune of goe from my window.

F. Farewell my ioy and hearts delight,  
til next wee meete againe:

Thy kindness to requite, for lodgynge me al night,  
heeres ten pound for thy paine:

And more to shew my loue to thee,  
weare this ring for my sake.

W. Without your gold or fee you shal haue more

F. No doubt of that I make. (of mee.

W. Then let your loue continue still.

F. It shall til life doth end.

W. Your wife I greatly feare. F. for her thou  
so I remaine thy freind. (needst not care.

W. But youle suspect me without cause,  
that I am false to you:

And then youle cast mee off, and make mee but a  
since that I prove untrue.

F. Then never trust man for my sake,  
if I prove so vnkind:

So often haue you sworn, sir, since that you were  
and soone haue change de your minde.

No; wife nor life, nor goods nor lands,  
shall make me leaue my loue,  
Nor any worldly treasure make me forgoe my  
nor once my mind remoue. (pleasure,

W. But soft a while, who is yonder? doe you see  
my husband? out alasse.

F. And yonder is my wife, now shal we haue alife  
how commeth this to passe?

R. Come hither gentle Bessie I charge thee do con-  
what makes Master Francis heere. (fesse

B. Good husband pardon me, Ile tel the troth to  
R. Then speaks and doe not feare. (thee.

F. Nay, neighbour Richard harke to mee,  
Ile tel the troth to you.

W. Nay tell it unto me, good sir, that I may see,  
what you haue here to doe.

But you can make no scuse to colour this abuse,  
this wrong is too too great.

R. God sir I take great scorne you should profer  
W. Now must I cole this heate. (me the horne

F. Nay neighbour Richard be content,  
thou hast no wrong at all:

Thy wife hath done thee right, and pleasure me

F. This frets mee to the gall. (this night:  
God wife forgiue me this offence,  
I doe repent mine ill.

W. I thank you with mine hart, for playing this  
though sore against your will. (kind part,

Nay gentle husband frowne not so,  
for you haue made amends:

I thinke it is god gaine, to haue ten pound for  
then let vs both be friends. (my paine:

F. Ashamed I am and know not what to say,  
good wife forgiue this crime:

Alasse I doe repent. W. But I could be content,  
to be serued so many a tyme.

F. Good neighbour Richard be content,  
ile woo thy wife no more:

I haue enough of this. W. Then all forgiuen is,  
I thanke thee Dick therefore.

And to thy wife ile give this gold,  
I hope youle not say no:

Since I haue had the pleasure, let her enjoy the  
F. Good wife let it be so. (treasure.

B. I thank you gentle Bistris. R. Faith & so do I.  
sir, learne your owne wife to know:

And shote not in the darke, for feare you mis the  
B. He hath paid for this I trow. (marke.

All women learn of me. F. All men by me take  
how you a woman trust. (heed

W. Nay women trust no men. F. And if they do:  
W. Ther's few of them prove iust. (how then:

(scosse, Farewell neighbour Richard, farewell honest  
I hope we are all friends. (Bessie

(bozne, W. And if you stay at home, and vs not thus to  
here all our quarrell ends. (come

F. N. S. George Attowell.